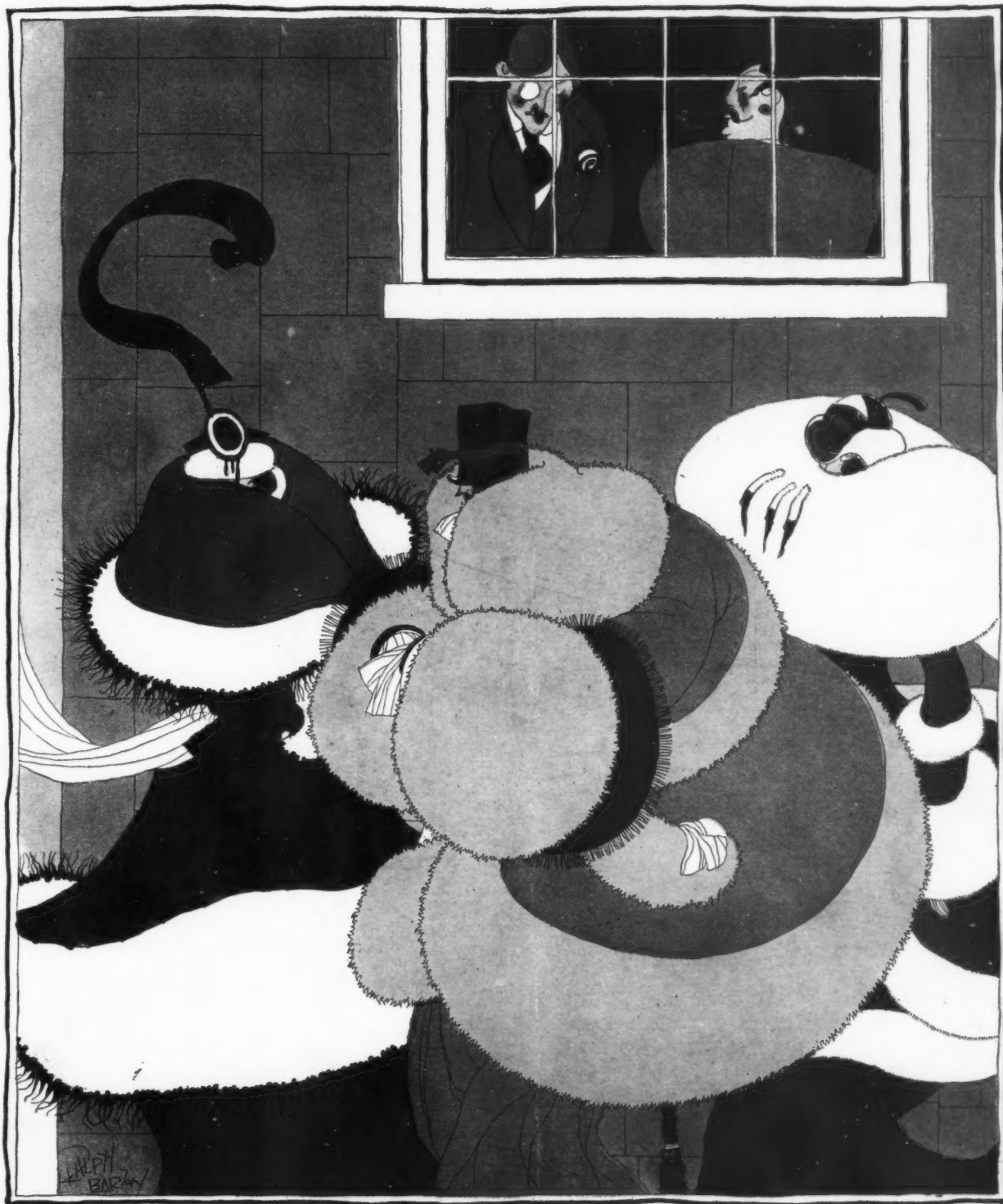


UNIVERSITY CLUB

Ruck

WEEK ENDING MARCH 17, 1917
PRICE TEN CENTS



Drawn by Ralph Barton

ENTHUSIASTIC NEW YORKER—Why, sir, *all* our women are beautiful here in America. I defy you to find a really ugly face on the avenue.



To All PUCK's Friends

You are cordially invited to dress up in your best bib and tucker, and hold yourself in readiness for April 9, 1917.

For on that date PUCK celebrates his Fortieth birthday—forty years young!

To join the party, it is necessary only to leave ten cents with your favorite newsdealer and tell him that you want him to reserve for you a copy of the

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

of

Puck

America's Cleverest Weekly

Dated April 14—On Sale April 9

To be sure of this special number, orders should be left in advance—today is none too soon.

Entered as Second-Class Matter
at the Post Office at New
York, N. Y., under the
Act of March 3, 1879

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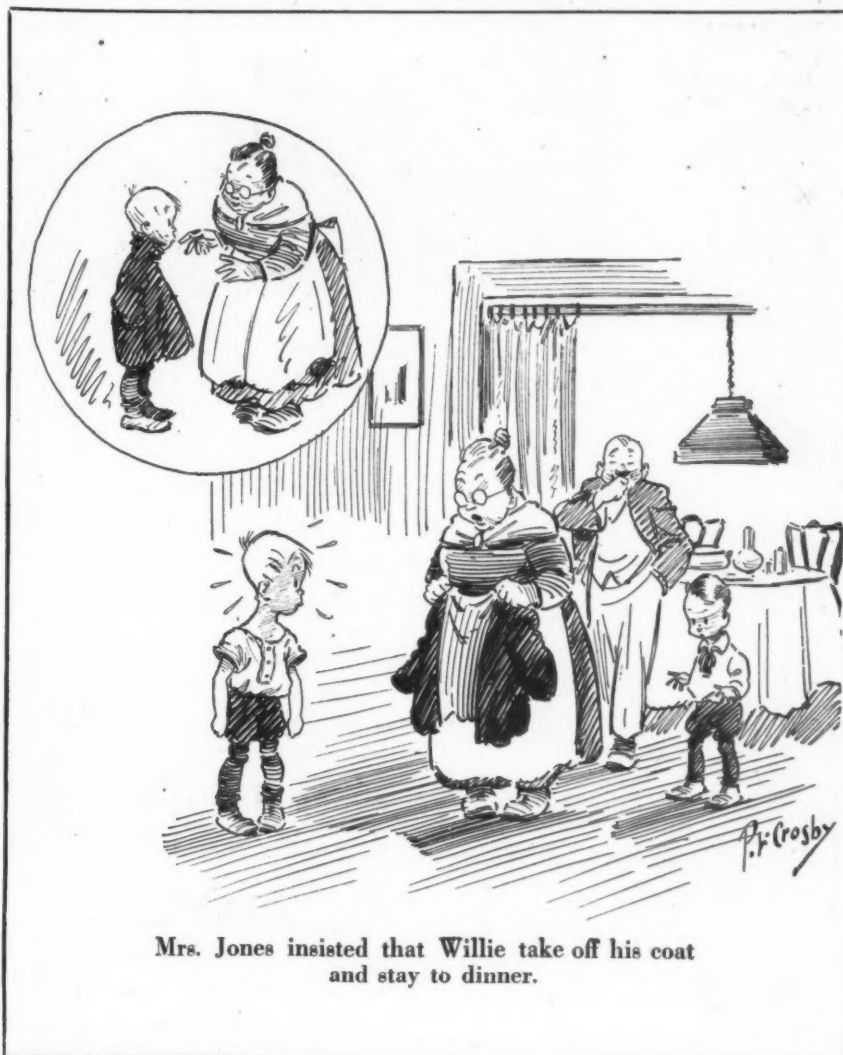
What's The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened to You?

PUCK wants to find out how funny the world can be when in its most jocular mood. Everybody has had some funny experience. Write it on one side of the paper, keep it within 500 words—the shorter the better—and send it to PUCK previous to March 15th, 1917.

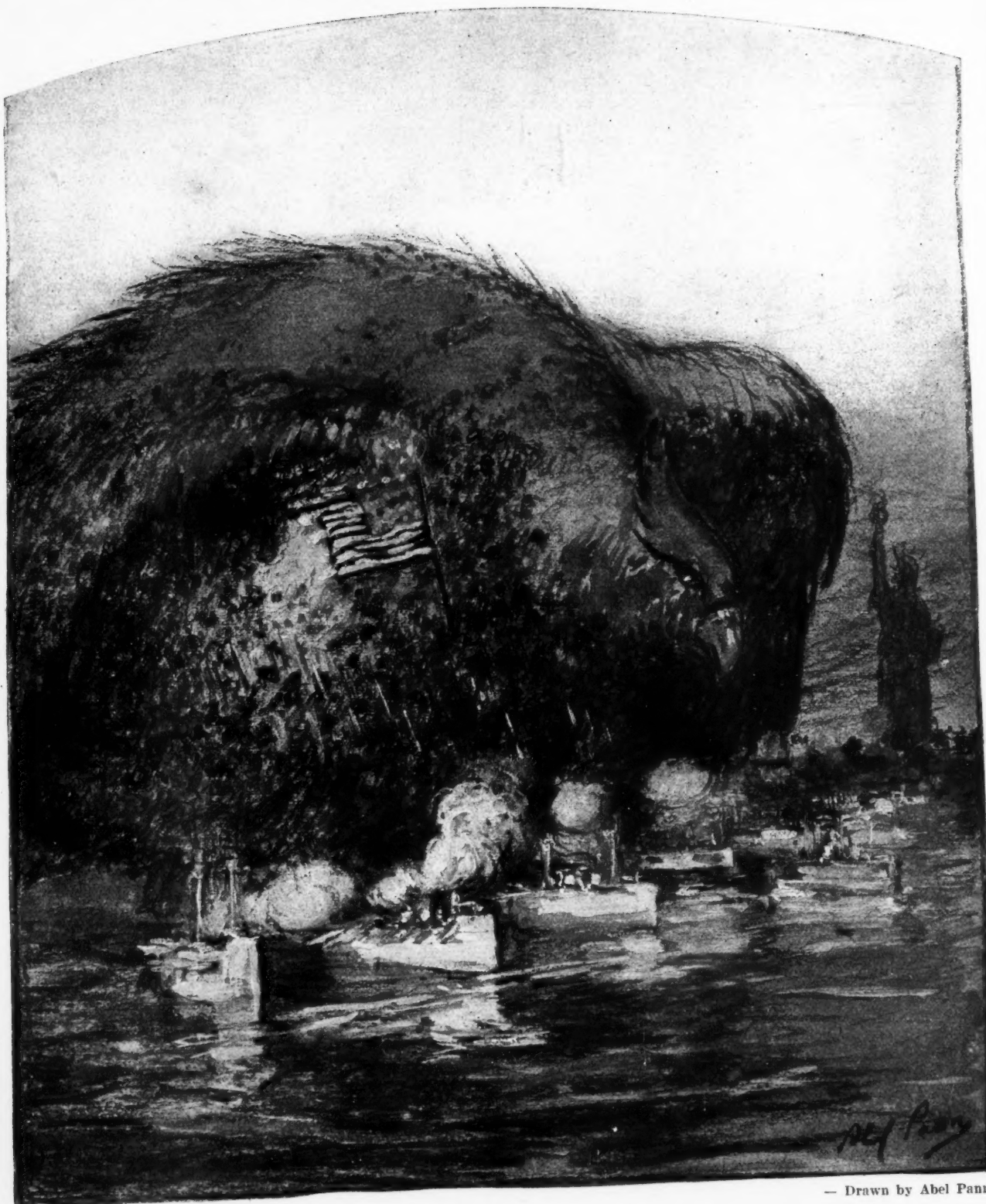
To the reader who relates the funniest experience in the most readable form, PUCK will mail a check for \$250.00 shortly after the closing of the contest. A second prize of \$150.00 for the next best, and a third prize of \$100.00 for the third best story, will be awarded at the same time. The editors of PUCK will be the judges, and entries not awarded a prize but considered available for publication will be purchased at our regular rates.

No entry will be returned unless stamps are enclosed for the purpose. Each entry should bear the name and address of the sender. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to PUCK in order to compete for these prize awards, nor is it essential that the experience be true, so long as it is funny.

Address your entry plainly
Funny Story Editor,
PUCK
210 FIFTH AVENUE
New York



Mrs. Jones insisted that Willie take off his coat
and stay to dinner.



— Drawn by Abel Pann

When the Dove Becomes An Eagle

Far from the Madding Crowd

An Interview with Hardy by Osiris Cob

The greatest book on this war—on any war—was written before the war. It is "The Dynasts," by Thomas Hardy. He, with Tolstoi, has grasped the meaning of War because he divines the nothingness of man—and the implacability of Law. But Thomas Hardy's vision is profounder than the Russian's because the Englishman is the pure artist, and the Russian is a moralist. One is an Olympian; and the other, in spite of his great art, is a pamphleteer.

Like the Hindu sages, Hardy has seen the will-to-error that is the kernel of all things.

He has daringly peered into the face of the Spirit Ironic, grand impresario of Things Temporal.

He has looked into the vacant stare of Isis.

Like Sophocles, he has sensed the life of the race in the Unconscious.

Like Hugo, he has raked down the fires of the Suns and found only ashes.

Like Schopenhauer, he has felt the fatality of each heart beat.

Like Shakespeare, he has played stage manager only to his puppets and left the moral of the tragedy to—God.

Like the author of Ecclesiastes, he has pronounced Nada!

But like Shelley, Thomas Hardy has, too, pronounced that most religious Why, and, like Goethe, demanded "More light!"

An interview with the seer of Max Gote

is like an interview with the profoundest depths of the soul—for this man is not a pleasant thinker, but a daring eagle of the Suns.

His "The Dynasts" is the Iliad of Man—this mote marooned on a dried sun-flake buzzing on an unknown ecliptic.

I asked him about "war and history." But he said, "Let us talk about history, for this war is only a branch of something else."

"History must be lived," he said. "It cannot be written. All the paper in the world would not contain the events of a minute."

"What do we know of history? What do we know of war—this war, any war? There are as many Luthers, Napoleons or Kaisers as there are human temperaments. Right and wrong are angels of feeling, not things."

"There are no facts; there are only beliefs. Who won at Waterloo? Maybe Napoleon did. Do you know that he did not conquer? Look at Europe to-day!"

"Tell me the secret of the violet and I will tell you the secret of everything—history, war, death, life, Fate."

"All history is a supreme paradox. Each thing breeds its opposite. Robespierre was as necessary to France as Joan of Arc. The Unconscious and the Master Spirit Ironic use *everything* to bring about its gorgeous, mysterious and tremendous effects."

"The hot, steaming imagination throws

off its moons which it calls 'facts.' Grote had an idea; and that idea had an echo, and he called the echo 'A History of Greece.' Is there a history of England? No. There is Hallam's England, Macaulay's England, Green's England."

"It is only the artist that can grasp history. Only an artist will write the history of this war—a Homer, a Dante, a Hugo, a Shakespeare."

"Historians take a thousand 'facts,' pin them together, blow into them a philosophic theory. Presto! history!"

"But the artist puts clothes on ghosts—the gods, the Principalities and the Dominations that rule our destinies. Presto! You have the eternal work of art."

"The historian—so-called—is a tailor to dead men. He is a doctor. The past is his clinic; and he lectures over his own Frankenstein. But Life is profounder than any theory. The artist knows this. Therefore he writes the history of the race and its wars from his tent in the etheric domains of his brain."

"Not to be is the only hell man ever feared. Lashed, branded, stoned, bludgeoned, kicked and cuffed from hell to hell, from one catastrophe to another; spat upon by nature, vomited back into life out of the ground where he had been laid, caring no more about dying at Verdun than he does of dying at the Pole—his glory consists in

(Continued to page 26)



He has looked into the vacant stare of Isis

Grinagrams

Having luxurious homes, even gardens, on the topmost floors of tall buildings is a custom which is growing among wealthy New Yorkers. "I will still be in New York, but there will be nothing to remind me of it," said one Croesus of the sky-line. Nothing like a parade of hungry women and children, for example.

Senator O'Gorman spoke of Mr. Hughes as "a great lawyer, a great judge of a great tribunal and, if his friends in the West had not failed him, a great President of a great republic."

— *Report of after-dinner speaking.*

Why did Senator O'Gorman stop here? Why not assume that so great an executive would have a great second term?

Is it necessary to be in Rome, the Coal Trust inquires, in order to do as the Romans do? Coal dealers in Rome are charging \$60 a ton.

"If you alone had to decide the course to be pursued in the best interests of this nation of 100,000,000 people, could you decide with the confident assurance that you were guided by wisdom and justice?"

— *A publisher's advertisement.*

After reading a variety of leading editorials, and listening to the conversation of the man on the street and the chap at the next table in the restaurant, we are convinced that the one person in the United States to whom the task might prove difficult is Woodrow Wilson. Everybody else would know, and *does* know, just what to do.

Hysteria or hunger, or a combination of both, made the hundreds of faces pressed against the plate windows a sight neither pleasant nor reassuring.

— *The Siege of the Waldorf.*

Meanwhile, to those with money to buy drinks, the Waldorf was serving a varied and bountiful free lunch. What a chance

for the hotel's press agent; and to think that he missed it! A chance to have fed free lunch to the hungry women outside instead of to the already overfed men of Peacock Alley inside. Ah, well; there may be another opportunity.

Another effective method of conserving the food supply would be to cut down materially the number of public dinners. Think of the quantity of good food which is served in New York City for no better reason than "we have with us to-night."

"What is our remedy? What does Congress propose when people are rioting and struggling for food?"

— *Representative Fitzgerald.*

Congress? Why, we should say it would rise to the emergency by appropriating half a million dollars for a public building somewhere. That, or a like amount for deepening a river in Florida.

Motor-cars are displacing camels on the Egyptian desert. Better go slow. We believe a camel could travel farther per gallon of gasoline than any automobile on earth.

Very likely, one could find high-principled opponents of birth control among the staunch citizens who see nothing wrong in food speculation.

If, as is estimated, a hundred million dollars be the price of a day's fighting, this war has rendered one big service at least to underdog humanity. It will not be so easy in future to reject needed reforms on the old-time ground that "the cost would be prohibitive." Even "confiscatory" has lost its punch.

"I cannot find time to drill."

— *Quentin Roosevelt of Harvard.*

Is there a woodshed on the Sagamore Hill property?

On the Polish front, while the Russians and Germans were fighting at close quarters, a pack of wolves attacked the wounded, and the men of both sides, German and Russian alike, fell upon their common enemy. The wolf pack fled, but not, we suspect, without much puzzled shaking of heads. "Men are too much for *us* to fathom," it is likely the Boss Wolf said; "if they're as fond of their injured as all that, why do they keep on killing each other?" Wolves, however, are creatures of small intelligence.

"The assumption that virility or courage will disappear if not practiced in the form of war implies an unproven and apparently false biological assumption."

— *Dr. Jacques Loeb.*

The munition makers are not very strong on biology. Neither, on the other hand, do biologists contribute largely to campaign funds.

Armed German Bands Enter Brazil, says a news headline. Just why they should be armed doesn't appear; unless it be to chasten the Brazilian small boy who sucks a lemon when they try to pucker their lips.

Filibuster: something which is wholly indefensible when the Republicans are in the majority and Democrats resort to it, but which is in the highest degree patriotic when the Democrats are in the majority and Republicans practice it.

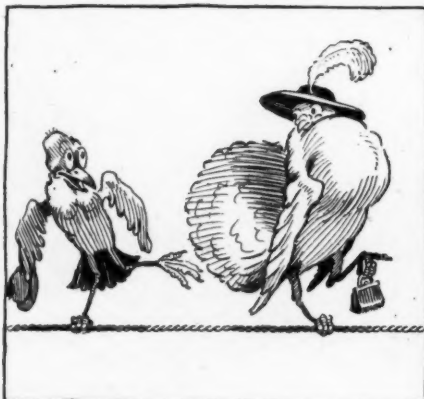
The Germans suffer hunger and privations. The Allies rejoice. Belgium and Serbia are crushed. Germans and Austrians rejoice.

— *War Summary by Georg Brandes.*

And, if various pious potentates are to be believed, God rejoices.

Business is business, and having read how dealers in Germany and England take advantage of the food shortage to squeeze their fellowmen, we must reluctantly admit that business is just about all that business is capable of being.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES LINE



"Please help an unfortunate bird."



I was hatched on the roof of the jail,



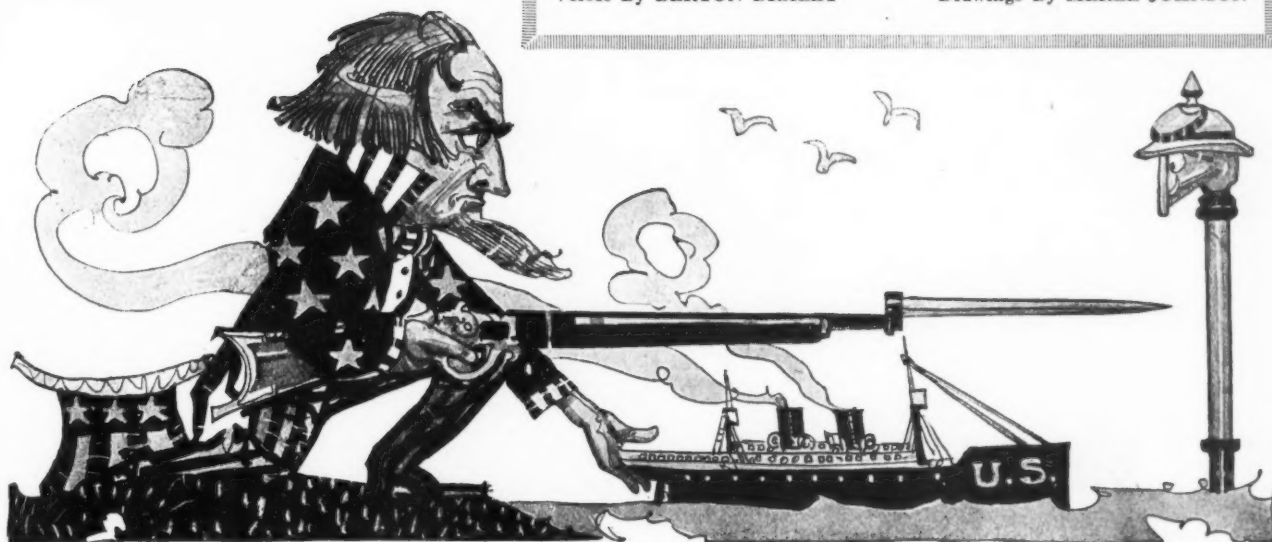
But nobody wants to help a jail bird."

LANG

THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses By BERTON BRALEY

Drawings By MERLE JOHNSON



The president pleaded
That measures were needed
To keep our proud flag on the seas,
He asked for permission
To arm and munition
Our vessels to sail where they please.

"We are not inviting,"
He says, "any fighting
But U-boats must let us alone;
Should Germany make us
Take part in the fracas
The fault is not ours—but her own."

The food situation
Is troubling the nation
For prices are soaring too high,
The lack of full diet
Caused many a riot,
It's tough when your rations are shy.

Potatoes, once lowly
Have climbed—and not slowly—
Aloft to a fearful extent,
And onions went crawling
To heights most appalling,
They rose every day, scent by scent.

And thus every tittle
We earn goes for victual
In fear of starvation we walk
And middlemen snicker
As profits come quicker
And congress does little but talk.



The ball-teams have flitted
Down south to be fitted
And trained for the national game,
And many an eager
And hopeful bush leaguer
Will shortly go back whence he came.

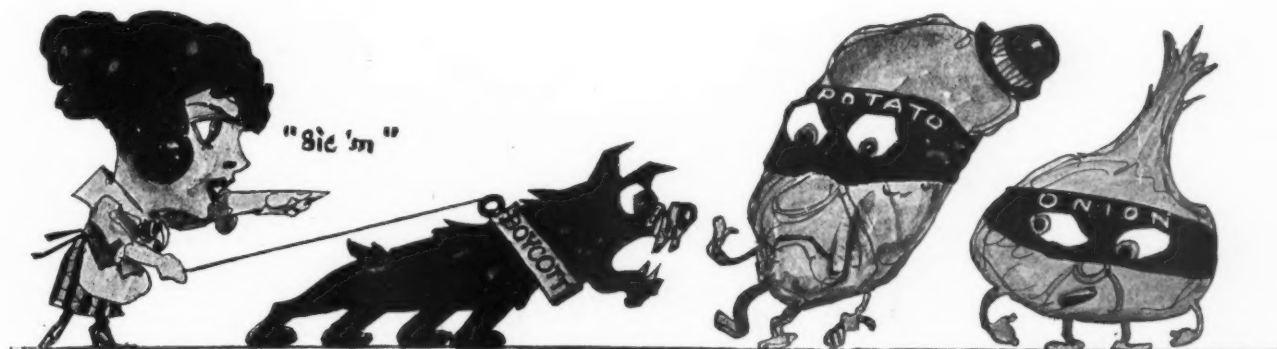
The Krupp strike in Essen
Was over, we guess, in
A hurry. 'Twas stopped on the spot;
For it is not fitting
That men should be quitting
On Krupp und der Kaiser und Gott!

Another Cunarder
Was sunk with much ardor,
By some submarine and her crew
To add to this story
Of valor and glory
They drowned a few womenfolks, too.

Poor Holland, she trusted
A pledge that was busted
And lost seven ships in a day
"We did break our pledges,"
The Teuton alleges
"But—it was your fault, anyway!"

Lloyd George told the English
That plans to extinguish
The U-boats weren't doing it, yet;
He cried, "Up and at 'em
We've got to combat 'em,
This danger has got to be met!"

The Germans unseated
Their guns and retreated
Some three miles or more on the
Somme,
We don't know the wherefore
Of this move, and therefore,
We try to keep utterly calm.





**FOREIGN
GOLD**



THE CONSUMER

Help!—Help!

Morris

— Drawn by W. C. Morris

Uncrowned Kings

By Dr. Max Nordau

The last English cabinet crisis presents an aspect which has not been dwelt on sufficiently.

The British constitution regulates with nicety the privileges of the ruling power. The king appoints as his ministers men who, he supposes, enjoy the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons. If they lose this confidence, the House refuses them the vote of the budget, and they must go. In case the king insists upon keeping them in power against the will of the representatives of the nation, he has the resource or dissolving parliament and issuing a writ for new elections. If the voters pronounce against him and his councillors, he is compelled to submit and to dismiss the ministers. Should he act differently he would leave the ground of the constitution and take the road which leads straight up to the scaffold of Charles I.

Mr. Asquith and his colleagues have resigned office without being forced to do so by king or parliament, the only two factors who possess a legal right to urge such action. They are gone at the behest of one single man, Lord Northcliffe. And parliament has allowed, without the least attempt at resistance, its most valuable constitutional privilege, that of making and undoing ministries, to be wrested from its hand by a single person who has no legal standing whatever in the constitution.

What gives him the might, if not the right, to exercise the principal privilege of Parliament? The fact that he is the proprietor of the paper enjoying the greatest authority, and of that boasting the largest circulation in England, *The Times* and *The Daily Mail*. His press, working under the inspiration of a man of strong will, of clear views and of bold determination has been able to impose its law on parliament, the king and the nation. Lord Northcliffe, thanks to his newspapers, wields a power which the sovereigns of Great Britain have lost since the Magna Charta, and which the States have in vain tried to re-conquer. He stands outside and above the regularly constituted powers. It is he that confers the might upon himself. He may style himself "By the grace of God and my own decision Master and Regent of England." For his decree he is responsible to nobody save his own conscience. What difference is there between him and an absolute monarch?

The most singular feature of this power, which is not foreseen by the constitution, which places itself above the constitution and revolutionizes it, is, however, that it has no sanction whatever. The grand master of publicity possesses no positive weapon wherewith to compel government and parliament to surrender to his orders. If they are determined not to mind him, he might



Dr. Max Nordau

rage and bluster to his heart's content; his words, however boisterous, would die away in the void. And supposing government not to be indifferent or philosophic enough to shrug its shoulders at his attack, it has the simplest and handiest means to rid itself of him, especially in war time, the censor. Thus it is done in all continental states. Thus it could be done in England if government made up its mind to act in like manner.

Whoever takes in account palpable facts only, might easily affirm that the power of the press is purely conventional and fictitious, that the fear of it is a kind of religion or superstition, that it resembles a ghost which frightens out of his wits and paralyzes the faint-hearted, but vanishes and is found out to be a figment of imagination, nothing, when a courageous man walks up coolly and calmly to it. This is the way many hard-headed statesmen look at it. They prove to themselves and to the world the impotence of the press by gagging it, as Napoleon I and III did, and the rulers of the Saint Alliance. Occasionally they domesticate it as Bismarck did with his reptile funds and his printed writs of prosecution.

The realists that judge in this manner, are, however, very superficial. They lack comprehension of the lessons of history and of psychology. They do not appreciate the imponderables, the dynamism of which is different from, but not less real than, that of the ponderables. The power of the press depends upon the temperament of the people. A sluggish, servile nation remains callous at the fate of its papers and is not aroused by their oppression. A wide awake, independent, determined one, on the contrary, does not permit an encroachment upon their rights. At the epoch of the blackest reaction in Europe, in 1830, Prince Polignac thought he might with impunity imitate the example of the Metternichs and Hardenbergs, and issued his press ordinances. The prompt reply of Paris was the revolution of July, which swept out him and Charles X in three days and convinced him too late that the power of the press is a reality beginning with

printed words, but finishing easily with barricades, gunshots and rifle bullets.

The theoretician of democracy finds it easy to defend the right of the press to exercise the highest power in the state. On principle, the press is the voice of the people which is the source of all authority in the commonwealth. It is public opinion condensed, synthetic, polarized. It is the concrete, clear expression of collective thinking. It is the common will, vague and faltering in the individual, but turning conscious and dynamic when distinctly formulated by the papers. And if someone asks who gives power of attorney to the press to speak in behalf of the people, it is easy to reply. Every buyer of a paper does this when he tenders a cent to the news boy. When reading his sheet, he votes for it as his representative. The paper is entitled to the claim that it represents its readers, just as a member of parliament represents his electors.

All this is quite correct on principle. But we must count with collective psychology also. The press which is supposed to be the expression of public opinion, is frequently, almost always, creating it. It pretends to sum up national thinking; in reality it suggests it to the nation. It is, therefore, not the synthesis of the collective thought and will, but the manifestation of the views of some enterprising, imperious persons, possibly of merely one, who puts his own authority in place of the collective soul and usurps dictatorial attributes. The specious argument that the daily sale of a paper means a daily election and a daily renewal of the popular mandate proves on close examination delusive. Many readers buy their paper from sheer habit, from laziness, from thoughtlessness, or because it appeals to their vulgarity by its sensation-mongering, to certain higher or lower interests by the cultivation of particular sections, and their paper by no means represents their opinions.

The power of suggestion that the press may use implies an immense danger. Lord Northcliffe, at present, and ever since the outbreak of the war, the actual director of the military activities of England, is happily a man of honor, a passionate and clear-sighted patriot, a sound politician of comprehensive views and solid common sense. But would he not wield the same decisive influence if he were an ambitious selfseeker, an unprincipled demagogue, a narrow-minded fanatic, an object courtier of the basest, most corrupt, most vicious passions of the mob? Had Cleon been a proprietor of newspapers, had Jack Cade owned the *Times*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News* and some other widely circulated and influential press organs, their fate would probably have been very different from

(Continued to page 25)

About Ben Adhem and the Book of Gold

(A Revised Version of an Old Story)

Abou Ben Adhem, the distinguished and fashionable Post-Impressionist artist, awoke with a start from a dream of wealthy sitters who would stand for any sort of slap-dash work, and saw, within the moonlight in his room, an angel writing in a book of gold.

After pinching himself severely and feeling of his pulse in an unostentatious manner, Abou was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the angel was more of a reality than a dream.

"Who let you in here?" asked Abou indignantly, "and what are you doing with the ledger?"

The vision raised its head and, with a look made all of sweet accord, answered: "I came down the chimney, and I am getting statistics regarding future residents of the Great Beyond. This information will be used to help us in the distribution of building lots. Corner locations fronting on the streets of pure gold can only be given to the very deserving. Kindly answer the following questions: Why did you become a Post-Impressionist instead of a regular artist? What is your idea in painting pictures that have absolutely no resemblance to the subjects which you use as models? Why don't you use a little care in painting pictures, instead of slapping them off in ten minutes? Why is it that when you paint a hand, you make it look like a cluster of bananas instead of like a hand? Why—"

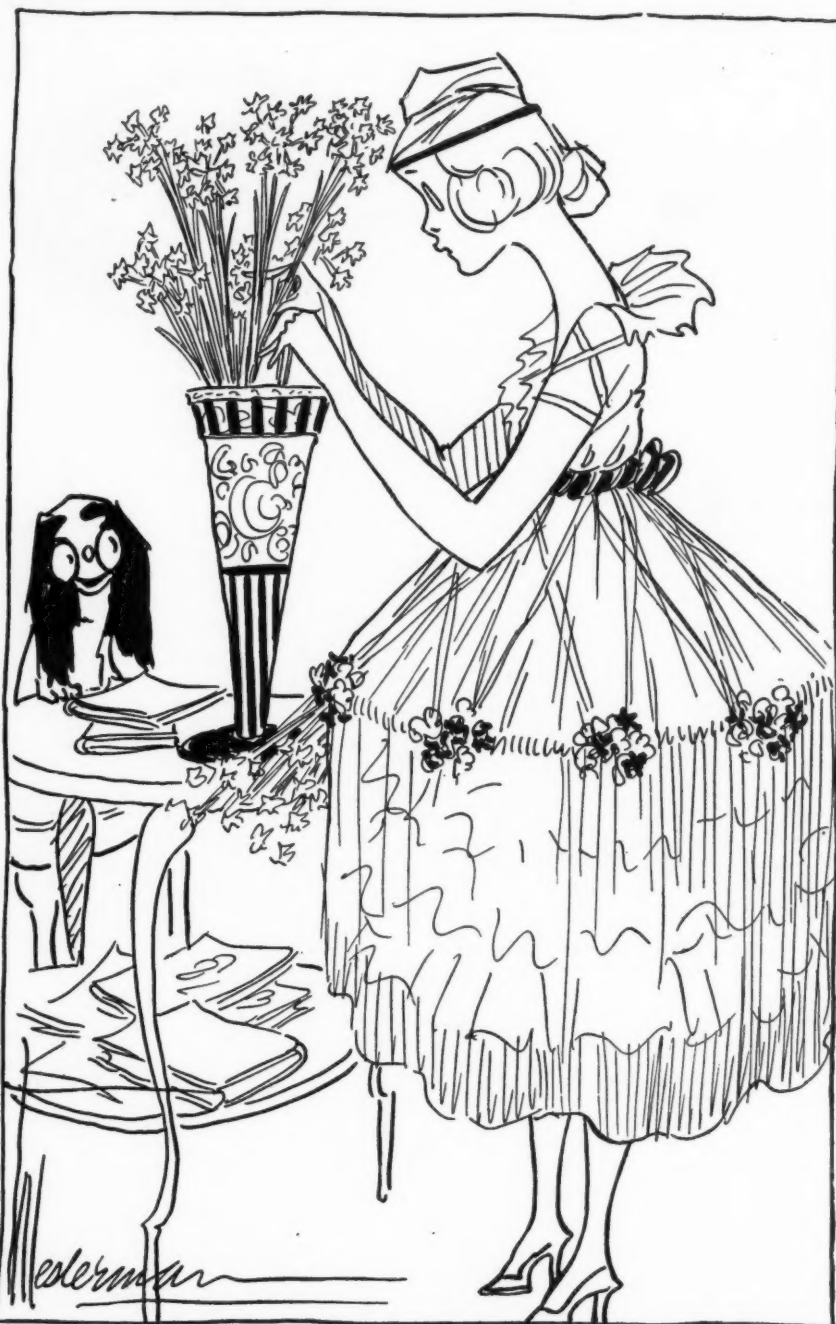
"See here!" interrupted Abou Ben Adhem furiously, "your questions are impertinent. How dare you insinuate that I am not a real artist! I am acknowledged in artistic circles to be the most fashionable painter in the city. I charge \$600 for my portraits and \$400 for my landscapes; and I get it, too. What difference does it make how long I work at each picture, so long as I get paid for it? If you don't understand my pictures, that's your misfortune. What do you know about Art, anyway?"

"I don't know anything about Art," admitted the Presence, shaking its fountain pen briskly to induce free action, "but I *do* know that I like Rembrandts and Whistlers and Corots and Blakelocks and Sargents. Why, man, when you look at a painting by one of those men, you'd think that you were looking at the very subject itself. But your portraits don't look any more like their subjects than a hand-mirror looks like the sun. In these days, when everybody believes in heredity, it's little short of criminal for you to paint the portraits that you do. Imagine the descendants of the sitters staring up at your ten-minute daubs and trembling to think that some day they may look like that!"

With these words the Presence again turned his attention to the book of gold and

The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman



The young lady across the way says she loves old-fashioned clothes and often thinks how cute our great-great-grandmothers must have looked in their Spanish doubloons.

wrote diligently in it. In spite of his anger, Abou Ben Adhem drew near and peered over the writer's shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," said Abou at length, "but I see that you have assigned me a lot on Alley 37. Is Alley 37 one of your best residential streets?"

"Well, hardly!" replied the Presence, meticulously removing a bit of foreign substance from the tip of its fountain pen. "It's

out on the edge of the city, and we haven't even got around to paving it yet."

So saying the Presence pocketed the fountain pen, closed the book of gold, smiled genially at Abou, and vanished silently up the chimney. As for Abou, he crawled back into bed and gritted his teeth angrily at the thought of all the convincing arguments that he could have advanced if the angel hadn't taken him by surprise.

—K. L. Roberts

STEAM Its Why and Wherefore

Steam is water that has gone crazy with the heat. It was first discovered for exhibition purposes by James Watt, a Scotch youth. Being Scotch, James could not bear to see anything wasted. He therefore attempted to save the steam by plugging up the snout and wiring down the lid of his grandmother's kettle. The explosion which resulted convinced James that steam had more of a punch than it had generally been credited with. As a result of this experiment, James decided to discover the steam engine, and did so.

Since then the world has seen the invention of the steamboat, the steam whistle, the steam laundry, the steam radiator, the steam roller and Theodore Roosevelt, all of which depend upon steam for their motive power.

Everything which has any connection with steam is distinguished for the large amount of noise which it makes. All steam-driven mechanisms, from the steam radiator up to the steam engine, are constantly wheezing, clanking, tooting, roaring and grumbling in such a manner as to madden delicately constituted persons who stand in need of quiet.

Notwithstanding this fact, steam has been of great help in the development of the world. If it were not for steam, commuters who live from five to twenty miles from the city would have to walk in and out of town every day, and would thus have to devote all their time to walking and none to working. As can be readily understood, such a state of affairs would have a deleterious effect on our national productiveness. Furthermore, ocean steamships would be impossible, and anyone who wanted to get a letter to Europe in anything like decent time would have to hire somebody to swim over with it.

There are times when everybody gets disgusted with steam. When, during a cold snap, the noon express arrives at 8:40 p.m., or when the radiator becomes as cold as the ice-box of a refrigerator just as the guests are ready to sit down to a game of cards—at such times as these, one wonders whether the great discovery of James Watt wasn't all in vain.

All things considered, however, steam gives very fair satisfaction; and it is probable that it will not be replaced by a substitute in the immediate future.

High Cost of Loving

The Rich Bachelor of the near future to his would be mother-in-law, if the cost of living continues to increase:

"Your daughter's proposal has given me a great pleasure Mrs. Quintley. I cannot accept it, as I have something else in mind, but I assure you it is these little attentions that make life worth living."

Wives, Bosom Friends and Secrets

Secrets usually become public property because one of the persons who wishes the secret to remain a secret has a bosom friend to whom she tells everything. This is one of the most ancient pieces of knowledge in existence; but in view of the great number of unsophisticated youths who are constantly taking unto themselves wives, it is a piece of knowledge that cannot be emphasized too often.

The wife's bosom friend, having none of her informant's reasons for keeping the information secret, sooner or later tells it to one of her own friends; and this friend, having even less interest in keeping it secret, tells it to everyone she knows.

This is the chief reason why man, an essentially close-mouthed animal, so frequently takes such a violent dislike to his wife's bosom friend—a dislike which his wife usually ascribes to jealousy, selfishness or unreasonability. It is the perfectly natural instinct of self-preservation, induced by the knowledge that the friend will probably find out too much about him and most certainly won't know enough to keep it to herself.

Most Inopportune

"Ladies," proclaimed the high-brow orator, "We must maintain our poise, whatever the cost—whatever our sorrows, our pains, we—must—maintain—our—poise."

The ladies applauded. The orator smiled wanly, wiped his perspiring brow and sat down—on a pin.

Not Typical

RURAL AUNT: Doesn't the waiter act queer?

DASHER: Decidedly so; I believe the fellow is tipsy.

RURAL AUNT: Dear me; he must be one of the victims of that tipping habit I've read so much about.

The Watchful Waiter

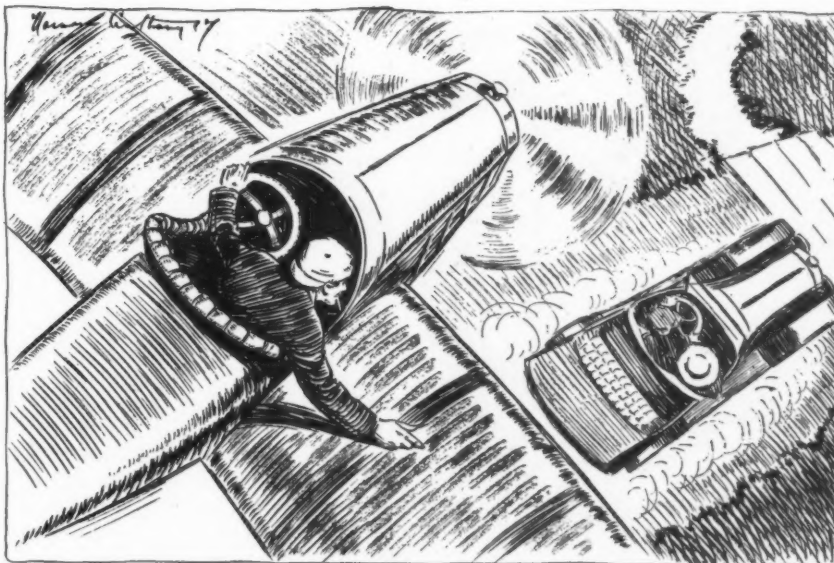
We petty men bewailed him;
With argument assailed him;
Because we thought another should
be honored in his stead;
His "Notes" we much berated:
We wrangled and we prated;
And straight forgot the super-man
and on his flaws we fed.

We petty men we flayed him;
In fool's-cap we arrayed him;
We felt a holy horror at the blunders
he had made;
Our hero-clan bemoaned him:
Our own large brains we loaned him:
And straight forgot the super-man
and curses on him laid.

We petty men we jeered him;
We said no nation feared him;
We undertook to brand him quite
the laughing-stock of all;
So mentally we snubbed him;
And verbally we clubbed him;
And straight forgot the super-man
and dubbed his powers small.

We petty men have found him—
The last to rally 'round him;
At length it's dawned upon us that
Our Leader is sublime;
And God's best gifts we pray him.
And God's own hand to stay him;
For now we've learned a super-man
awaits a super-time!

— Roscoe Gilmore Stott.



"By Gosh! There's my girl out riding with that reckless Dick Doyle!"

Evolution of a German Propagandist



They Swore Allegiance to the War Lord—
1914.



Regiments Were Promised;



and a Newly Created Press Supported.



Then This Happened—1915



And the American Eagle Spread Its Wings



Therefore Vengeance was Vowed—1916



But All Their Plans Were Upset



And Now the Thought of This



Has Made Him See the Light of 1917

— Drawn by Julian Hess

While many serenely complacent organizations, including the Washington Spare—I mean Square—Players, are putting forth valient efforts to discover the new, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn are making a much better job of re-discovering the very source of our much-vaunted novelities in the old! The Coburns have gone to the fountain head of our most distinguished satire, and have trotted out Moliere. The uplifters and reformers may well pause, as they view the delicious performance of "The Imaginary Invalid" at the Harris Theatre.

So far, Mr. Coburn is ominously taciturn. Not one word has he said on the subject of his "mission." He has not prated against that world-famous menace, commercial managers; he has not informed us that he clamors to derrick the stage from its Slough of Despond; he has not staged the supremely dull, because dullness is always artistic, and then ponderously discussed that fact; in a word, he is ominous! He must be thinking things, and that is a terrible thing to do. He may of course be deferring to the high cost of paper, which makes the publication of press agents' platitudes rather venturesome.

Nothing that this season has produced up to the present, has given me so much genuine pleasure as the Coburns' performance of "The Imaginary Invalid" (Le Malade Imaginaire) at the Harris Theatre—and I am no classic-worshipper. It was not because the production was "reverent" that I was happy, not because Moliere happened to be two hundred and ninety-five years older than I am (I don't like old people as a rule) but merely for the reason that the subject matter seemed to be so exultantly up to date, the satire so mordant and amusing, and the play itself so trenchantly convincing. Compared with many of the offerings at other theatres, enthusiastically endorsed by play-readers, "The Imaginary Invalid" was a priceless gem.

Honestly I believe that if the manuscript of "The Imaginary Invalid" had been submitted to managers, signed "John Smith," or anything you like, it *might* have been accepted. For it is not what managers plaintively call "high-brow" (to be high-brow, is

TOM POWERS.
AND
MARIE CARROLL
IN
"OH, BOY!"



PLAYS & PLAYERS BY ALAN DALE

to be well on the road to perdition) and it is not "above the heads"—another offense to managerial etiquette. (The exact height of the "heads" that "it" is not permitted to go "above," we are never told.) "The Imaginary Invalid" is extremely entertaining, light, frolicsome, and—may I say "brilliant," if Mr. Bernard Shaw has not monopolized the adjective?

Mr. Coburn played the role of *Argan* with fine discretion and unction, and Mrs. Coburn was bright as the proverbial button as *Toinette*. Miss Beatrice Prentice, and Miss Mabel Wright gave distinction to *Angelique* and *Beline*, and a particularly humorous and artistic piece of work was contributed by Mr. George Gaul as *Thomas*. This was really a fine bit of acting. Schuyler Ladd, Albert Bruning, and that cunning little girl with the triple-plate name, Neville May Westman, were all commendable. I have omitted to say that Katherine Prescott Wormsley "translated" the play. If she could only translate Shakespeare, we might find new delights in the Bard!

If the producers of musical comedy are not exceedingly careful, they will find themselves labelled—or is it libelled?—artistic, and then what will become of them? The Tired Business Group will be robbed of Joy, and Life, and Ginger, and the Untired Critics will be obliged to give a negligible form of entertainment columns of serious consideration. That in itself, should supply

the producers of musical comedy with food for thought. Suppose they *should* be criticized?

This trouble will be due to the fact that, for the second time this season, there has been presented a musical "show" that is so excellent in an intelligent way, so full of pleasure-giving music, and so devoid of the meretricious features of the usual ugly and vulgar travesty, that people with really cosy minds, can go and see it without damage. The first instance of this revolutionary state of things, occurred with the production of "You're in Love." The new instance is the piece entitled "Oh, Boy" at the Princess Theatre. The title of course is a bit perplexing, for it is necessary to be a trifle "colloquial" as it were, in the matter of christening musical shows.

Someday, when this sort of piece has become "worthy"—and strange though it may seem, the indications are all in that direction—titles may be less blatant, and squalid than "Oh, Boy" and "For the Love of Mike" and "You're in Love." Just at present, the well-wishers (I was going to call them reformers, but paused on the brink of the insult!) must proceed carefully, and do nothing to shock the public into the belief that they are about to be treated decently.

So, in the case of "Oh, Boy" there is nothing vulgar but the title. The little musical play is perfectly delightful from start to finish. It has no single dull moment. The frightful schedule of conventional "girl" shows is not maintained. The hideous routine of this sort of production is abandoned with most felicitous results. Usually it is quite possible to "report" (I won't say criticize) any musical show by scanning its programme. One knows exactly what is happening by studying the titles of the songs. Anything with "moon" in it signifies that the fat tenor is in the centre of the stage with the popular prima-donna. Ditties with "tootsy-wootsy" in them, tell you that the *ingenue* is making merry with the juvenile. Numbers with the word "syncopated" in them lead to the inference that the funny



Vol. LXXXI No. 2089

WEEK ENDING MARCH 17, 1917

Diplomacy of Duplicity

WHEN President Wilson announced that he had severed diplomatic relations with Germany because she had failed to fulfill her solemn pledge made to America concerning her ruthless submarine warfare, Herr Zimmerman, the German Foreign Minister, expressed surprise and astonishment. He could not understand why the United States should have taken such a step, he declared to American newspaper men. He spoke of the historic long friendship that existed between the United States and Germany and saw no reason in Germany's change of her U-boat tactics for any change in the attitude of the American government towards Germany.

Herr Zimmerman expressed surprise, declaring at the same time that Germany could not alter her decision. Then Bethmann Hollweg spoke. He, too, was surprised. He, too, failed to see any reason why President Wilson so suddenly and so abruptly had severed diplomatic relations with Germany. No such thing had been done in a hundred years, he declared. He endeavored to justify Germany and to censure America before his own people.

Suddenly something happened which revealed German diplomacy in all its duplicity, subterfuge and stupidity.

The same Herr Zimmerman, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was so amazed at the break of diplomatic relations, it appears, had written a letter dated January 19, 1917, proposing to Mexico to plot against the United States, instructing the German Ambassador in Mexico to secure the aid of the Mexican Government also to mediate between Germany and Japan.

Long before Herr Zimmerman and von Bethmann-Hollweg publicly expressed their amazement at the stand taken by President Wilson, they had been plotting against the United States, prating of the friendship between these two nations.

While President Wilson talked of peace, while his utterances were even regarded in countries of the Allies as favoring the German cause, the German peace offering diplomats were promising New Mexico, Texas and Arizona in addition to financial aid to the Mexican Government, in return for Mexico's betrayal of the United States.

It was generally known that there was a chasm between German diplomats and the German military staff — between Von Tirpitz and von Bethmann-Hollweg—that the one element endeavored to dominate Germany through the force of militarism and the other through the pacifist and saner representatives of the empire.

It was known that these elements had frequently clashed; that when one was victorious for a time the other retreated, while working quietly, secretly and efficiently to regain the ascendancy.

In this latest development, however, German diplomacy is exposed in all its horrors and falsehoods and the cruelty of the policy of murdering defenceless women and children pursued by Von Tirpitz is equalled now by the duplicity and falsehoods of the representatives of German diplomacy.

President Wilson has demonstrated greater restraint and patience than any living statesman in any crisis. He has raised the moral prestige of America to a higher plane than it ever before occupied. He has behind him now a unified nation, the greatest body of free men in the world.

Crimes Against Civilization

THERE is a well known legal pleading which demands that accusations, assertions and the like be made more "definite and certain." May we beg that this operation be performed upon the expression, "crime against civilization?" We have been bothered a good deal with this expression here of late. Eighty-seven per cent of the writers and even a greater proportion of the club women are unable to discuss the war five times without using the phrase, "crime against civilization," at least thirteen times. They seem to think the expression invests horror with sufficient additional horror to bring readers and listeners up standing.

But somehow it really doesn't produce this effect. Just why, it is hard to say. We all detest crimes and we all love civilization, but what is a crime against civilization? Alas, we do not know and that perhaps is where the trouble lies. This lends the remark an unintentioned hollowness and makes the whole subject as vague as international law. It is a crime against civilization to leave a matter like this in such a state of chaotic nebulosity.

Caliban to the War-God

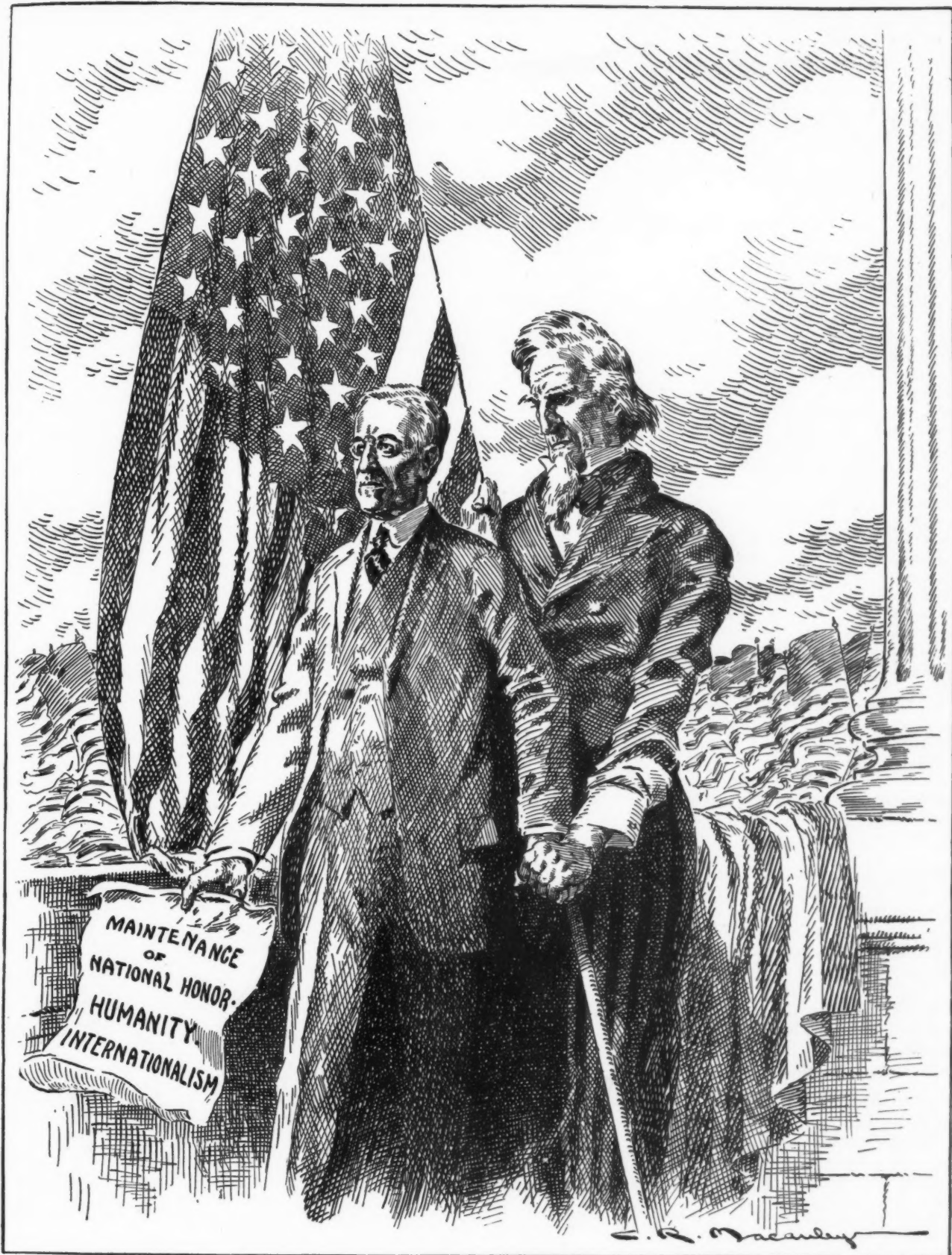
One eye that peeps above the ocean plane,
My periscope, to sight a victim nigh;
And then, a steady crawling on; in vain
She flies ahead; I mark her; she must die.

I chuckle when I see those merchant hulks
Loom up to such dimensions. Little me
Is big enough for them; their clumsy bulks
Will soon be rotting deep within the sea.

A funny thing occurred the other day;
I crushed a liner's bow; she dropped like stone
And on her decks you should have seen the way
Those mortals paled; I laughed to hear them groan.

I did it all, my master, just for you.
A trifle! Caliban will play his part
To suit your will, augustness, sparing few
For, like yourself, your servant has no heart.

— E. L.



— Drawn by C. R. Macauley

"Solidly Behind You, Mr. President"



By Benjamin De Casseres

WAR-FEVER

Nothing calls the ghosts out of the blood like the tocsin of war. It is the call of the dead to the living. It is the spurt in the veins of the old wine the race used to drink before the Moral Sense slew our savagery.

Curious phenomena to watch. You are carried off your feet in spite of yourself. War! All become singing, dancing poets at that word. We reel and rant and babble like gods drunk on lightnings.

A strange feeling of normality, health, life-is-worth-living takes possession of us. An instant sympathy and nearness bind to us each American we meet on the street. We desire to rush up and shake his hand.

Routine, Ennui, Efficiency and the rest of the Seven Deadly Virtues of sentimental and etiolated pacifism are exiled for the time. We are Maenads, dervishes. Our thoughts begin to dance. Those who never thought before find strange thoughts a-dance in their skulls. Their hearts begin to chant forgotten scraps of emotions.

We whistle Yankee-doodle-dandie unconsciously—as though those at Bunker Hill and Gettysburg were doing it through us.

The war-fever is a creative, not a destructive fever. For be it written forever and forever for the use of plush hearts and bloodless brains that nothing destroys like an overdose of peace.

We hear it said every day: "The movies are only in their infancy." Just like the eternal public!

It is to the undying glory of Man that he survives war, pests and pacifists.

War? Well, man cannot live by "best sellers" and automobiles and the Thaw scandal alone.

Opera Goer's Manual

Read the story of the opera in the library in the afternoon, and spill it all around you in a loud voice after you take your seat.

Always say you saw De Reszke in the same part.

If you are an inmate of the Horseshoe observe the music; if a denizen of the Skyline you, of course, will listen to the music.

Note the invariable courtesy of the ushers; take those manners home with you.

Begin the evening by bullynagging the man at the box office; he'll appreciate it and remember you the next time.

For "Tristan und Isolde" slow breathing exercises should be taken in the afternoon; for "Carmen" ginger up on a few Martinis.

At the bar across street, between the acts, always let fall the words "Paris," "Milan" or "Dresden in '97." It will amuse the bartender.

On Wagner nights always whisper something low and knowing to your lady friend about "the Mad King of Bavaria."

Is your Great Idea a rocking-horse or an eagle?

Slapdash Paragraphs on Efficiency

Efficiency is a form of perfection to which we advise some one else to aspire.

Genius is spontaneous efficiency; efficiency itself is conscious routine—a form of death.

Efficiency is a machine for making automata.

Efficiency is a Moloch that swallows up the individual.

To be efficient is to be human; to be careless is to be divine.

If you are 100% efficient you are ready to be scrapped.

I would rather be wrong than over-efficient.

Efficiency is always advocated by those who take it easy.

Censored Definitions

RADICAL: An iconoclast who grows fat and happy on conservatism and its idols.

MIDNIGHT: The pin-cushion of the hours.



BOREDOM: A period of rest between "I did" and "I will;" the dull Sabbath of action; the odor of marriage.

MANUSCRIPT: The Eternal Return.

TO-DAY: A definite space between the Regret called Yesterday and the Illusion called To-morrow.

Tired

My eyes are tired looking at the things they do not see;
My ear is broken with the sounds they cannot hear;
My heart is swollen with the dolour of the times—
Another drop within this Jar would o'erbrim the edge of sanity.

Have the gods knocked Humanity down for the sake of its soul? Racca!

Ever Thus

From a primer which no one dare study—it is so simple:
What is the Firefly doing?
It is warring on the Dark.
Will the Firefly conquer the Dark?
No; the Dark will conquer the Firefly.

The King

The king sat on his regal throne in his robes of white. On either side knelt a humble slave begging to grant his every wish.

The king spoke in his own language, which none save his two humble slaves could understand. They alone knew the meaning of each utterance and marveled at the king's great wisdom.

In all of the whole universe the two humble slaves knew that there was no king more wonderful than their own.

The king was really strapped in a tiny wicker chair. He was six months old, and the first born of Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

—W. S.

Form in Line, Men! Don't Crowd!

(Ad. in Spokane Spokesman-Review)

I can tan your hide and fix your head.

—Chas. A. Zeige, 8220 Howard



why

JACK BEARS

If War Comes

If war comes

We who have reflected the death agonies of Europe in our vanities,

We who have swaggered around in Trench Coats to Broadway dance halls while across the water men in those coats were dying in bayonet charges,

We who have strutted down Fifth Avenue mimicking the poilus of France with our plumed helmets,

We who have engaged in war relief work for social advancement,

We who have danced for Charity to women made widows and children made orphans by war; who after eleven courses of a dinner have grudgingly contributed our mite for soldiers blinded and crippled in battle,

We whose stage conception of a soldier is a maudlin chorus man, and whose personification of the spirit of our country is some bunting-draped, sleek bodied chorus girl,

We whose idealization of the flag is a scrap of red, blue and white to be waved by a half-clothed woman singing words about "Uncle Sam" while ponies and chorus men kick their legs like marionettes,

We who have chattered of bravery and heroism as of street corner gossip,

We who have cried "Preparedness" when business called, and "Pacifism" when politics required,

We who have toyed with war as a child plays with his lead soldiers,

If war comes,

Are we still to move in a land of make-believe, to exist in unrealities, to cling to phantoms?

Are we still to prate?

Or act?

—E. S. Morse

Good Ammunition

WIFE: "George, I don't believe you have smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday."

GEORGE: "No, my dear, I'm going to keep them until our Willie wants to learn to smoke."

Improving the Prescription

DOCTOR: I advised you to take a two-mile walk every day. Is it doing you any good?

PATIENT: Not so much good yet; but I have figured out a system of short cuts that save a lot of time.

High Praise

"Teacher praised the whole class to-day."

"How nice, Cuthbert! What did she say?"

"Whenever she teaches us, she says, she has a queer feelin' like she's castin' pearls."

Nr. and Mrs. W. J. Heald of Rangeley are receiving congratulations on the birth of a second son this week.

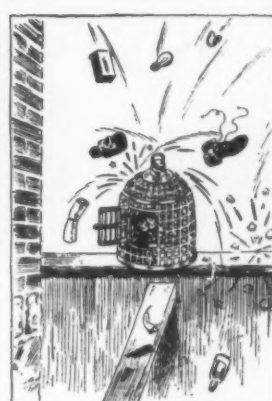
—The Lewiston (Me.) Journal



Every cat carries his own tree around, in Dogville.



"Preparedness"
When the cat's away the mice will—prepare.



Being responsible for nine lives naturally he's strong

Accidents of Force Majeure

The shelling of the Dutch steamer Oldandt by German coast batteries, and the resultant killing of a number of Hollanders on the 29th of last December, was, according to the German Government, an "accident of force majeure."

This information will be highly interesting to a number of people who have been longing for plausible excuses to hit somebody at the base of the skull with much vigor. It will be a tremendous boon to the apartment-dweller who is forced to live in a chilly apartment: if he is permitted to drop an unabridged dictionary from a fourth-story window onto the head of his janitor, and then inform the judge gaily that it was only an accident of force majeure.

It will warm the hearts of folk who have to listen to the phonograph-playing and the fox-trotting of neighbors from 9:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m. if they can fire both barrels of a shotgun into the middle of the noise and then tell the police that everything is all right and that the shooting was nothing really serious—nothing but an accident of force majeure.

All will be explained when the man who enters a crowded street-car with a smouldering cigar reeking between his fingers suffers an accident of force majeure at the hands of an irate passenger and gets thrown through a window as a result of it.

On the other hand, it is barely possible that the underworld may awake to the possibilities of force majeure and promulgate a few accidents of its own. The possibilities which lie in this sort of accident will not seem so great to the citizen who is beaten behind the ear with a stockingful of dog-biscuit and relieved of his watch and wallet by a roughnecked individual who escapes by telling the patrolman that the incident is merely an accident of force majeure.

Since Holland's opinion of accidents of force majeure is about the same as that of the watchless and walletless individual, it is probable that accidents of force majeure, in civilized circles, will continue to be known by their correct names of "assault with intent to kill" or, if successful, just plain "murder."

"Bohemians"

Jolly Bohemians are they;
Riotous revellers in red ink,
Killing care in the cabaret
(French for a place where people drink.

It sounds much better than plain café,
And café is coffee, anyway).

Hark to the crystal's joyous clink!
Jolly Bohemians at play:

Poets and playwrights — men who think,
Famous free-lances, *declassé*,

Living forever upon the brink
Of ruin—like Mimi in H. Murger,
Minus conventions, and minus *chink*.
Bold and brilliant Bohemians, eh?

* * * * *
"Gar-song!" (Ah, what a wicked wink!)
"Fetch us more of that fizz—frap-pay!"

* * * * *

Bohemians—yes, as the jocund jay
Looks like the lark or bobolink.

Bohemians? Surely—from Io-wa,
And Simpson's Corners and Jackson's Sink—

Mayhap from the home of Hinky Dink:

Bohemians all, from their burgo astray.

Ruminate on my roundelay,
Nor seek from the solemn truth to shrink:

Bohemians may inhabit Paris,
But here their name is "Mrs. Harris."

William Trowbridge Larned.

The Cult of Bunk

To-day the worship of this idol constitutes an important part of the practical man's ritual. Disregarding the protest of the still, small voice on the ground that it is one of the after-effects of last night's big dinner, the votary burns incense before the shrine of his favorite and thus he chants his prayer:

"Help me this day, O powerful and gracious Bunk, to get away with it.

"If what I undertake to do happens to be a bit shady, blind the eyes of my victims and help me to get away with it.

"If the thing I offer for sale is not what it pretends to be, dull the senses of my customer and help me get away with it.

"If my promises, easily given, are still more easily broken, help me find good excuses and get away with it.

"If I boom worthless stock or sell submerged land, help me get away with it.

"If I plead eloquently for a cause I know to be wrong, help me get away with it.

"You wonderful doll of an idol! Your front pretends to be marble but is only plaster of Paris; your throne of Malachite is only painted clay; your iron legs are skillfully daubed putty; your emerald eyes are only green glass; and your gold ornaments are but brass thinly plated.

"I am afraid of you but I know that you too are afraid of me. I have the power to expose you. Hence listen to the voice of self-interest and self-preservation. Our mutual welfare is at stake!

"Help me, O help me, get away with it."

The first great High Priest of this cult, the most powerful in America, was P. T. Barnum. He wrote its first authorized hymnal and prayer book. To the man in the street he held out the cheerful doctrine that Bunk ever welcomes the opportunist and that some are born every minute. The world is your door-mat, he contended, if you only learn to step over it gracefully.

Some few there were who found the teachings of P. T. Barnum unacceptable. They called his doctrines crude, intended for unenlightened *hoi polloi*. While they agreed with them in the main they wanted more subtle exposition, less obvious reasons. Along came William James, the great psychologist and philosopher. He did not confute the antinomies of Barnum but listed them under a different heading, — pragmatism. The most exotic taste was thus satisfied and Bunk winked in unconcealed joy.

Down on your padded knees, therefore, brethren and sistern. Voice the universal cry,

"Whatever I may undertake, O beatific and benignant Bunk, help me get away with it!"

— Elias Lieberman.

Why He Reads 'Em

"What is your favorite magazine?"

"Bumster's. It has some of the best advertisements I ever read."



Overheard at the Galleries

First Art Student: "Rembrandt's stuff is pretty good in its way, but no punch to it, old top, no punch to it."

To an Enchantress

There is a tale of one who called on thee,

Not knowing thee a witch, with spells to bind.

When, learning of thy power, he turned to flee,

He left his hat behind.

I laughed at him, an idiotic laugh;

For when I dared within his steps to tread,

I found my hat—mark that in my behalf—

But then—I lost my head!

So men may careless come, and hapless go;

Some *sans chapeau* and some *sans tete* depart.

Yet lucky these. . . . But pity that man's woe

Who, leaving, leaves his heart!

—Astroque O'Luck



The One in the Taxi: "Yes, I'm on my way to market. John says we simply must cut down expenses."

Hazards of Letter-Writing

At a recent sale of autographs in New York, two hundred dollars was paid for a letter from Edgar Allan Poe to a magazine editor. In the letter, Poe expressed great anxiety to fill ten pages of the editor's magazine at the munificent rate of fifty cents per page.

One of the most unpleasant features of letter-writing is the apparent inability of the persons who write the letters to judge of the effect which they will subsequently have. If the late Mr. Poe had had any idea that his short and business-like note would ultimately sell for two hundred dollars, there is little doubt that he would have strung it out over eighteen or twenty pages and filled it up with interesting incidents in order to make it worth the money—or possibly to double its value. From the eagerness with which Poe snatched at the chance to make five dollars, the chances are excellent that he would have turned out a red-hot, blood-and-thunder, knock-'em-dead letter if he had known that it was going to sell up in the hundreds some day. He might even have mentioned a few of his love affairs, and described some of the enthusiastic and protracted drunks on which he was wont to go ever and anon, if not oftener. Looking at the matter from this standpoint, it is very unfortunate that all men don't make their letters as long and as chatty as possible.

But, on the other hand, a man is fortunate, when he writes any sort of letter except an order for twenty gross of corn-poppers or something like that, if he doesn't wake up some day to find himself sitting between his lawyers in a courtroom and listening to an opposing lawyer read said letter to a smiling jury in support of his contention that his client—the charming young woman in black—ought to be given a verdict of \$20,000 and costs. When one reads in the papers the letters which figure in the average breach-of-promise case, the normal man sobs bitterly to think that his sex is permitted to buy writing materials at all. Looking at the matter from this angle, it is very unfortunate that all letters aren't written on explosive paper, which automatically blows up with a loud, offensive report a few moments after being read.

Like many other things in this life, letter-writing is a gamble; and the person who takes a chance on it is more apt to guess wrong than not.

The Language of Money

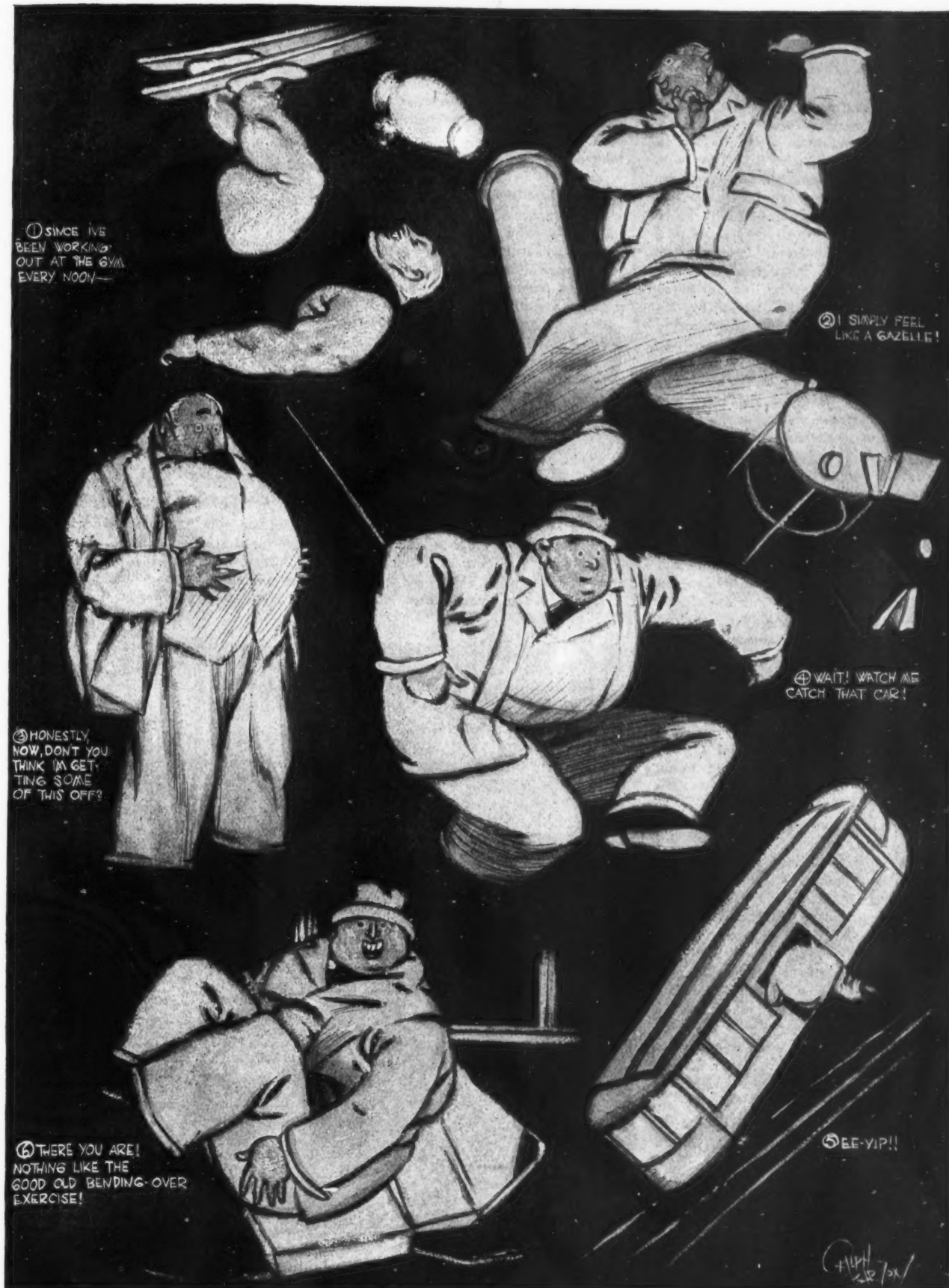
CODDINGTON: Do you believe that money talks?

BODDINGTON: I am inclined to that belief, for, no sooner do I get my hands on a dollar than it says "good-by."

TOASTMASTER (to chairman of public dinner): "Would you like to propose your toast now, sir, or let 'em enjoy themselves a bit longer?"

Horrible Effect of a Gym on the Overheavy

By RALPH BARTON



A Preface to a Novel

By M. E. Ravage

For many long years I carried around with me the hope that some day I would write the Great American Novel. The idea started with me early in youth. In fact, I sometimes think that I must have been born with it, because I can not remember the time when I did not have it. I was not the only one who was obsessed with it. I was born in an age when every youth who was afflicted with the literary itch, and had bullied his way into the sad affair known as a college magazine in his own particular institution, was promptly hailed by his family and circle of admiring friends as the author-to-be of that same great novel. Often the weaker-minded of us actually went as far as to fulfill the hope that was so pathetically placed in them, and there you have the most tragic chapter in the history of this land of wonderful schemes.

And yet I ought not to go around sneering at those old companions of mine. Anyway they have got those novels published, as I know because I keep in touch with current fiction. It has always been that way. The authors of the highest selling books are not the only men of genius who were ridiculed by their friends before the world awarded them its recognition. Great men are always ahead of their time. The Great American Novel has been appearing among us all the time, as anybody knows who watches and reads publishers' notices. In fact, it is not a novel, it is a whole Great National Literature.

Well, it is no longer any use deceiving myself. In a country that is so full of great novelists, I may as well admit that I do not stand the ghost of a chance, and I might just as well abandon the notion of ever composing that incomparable work. And even the fine preface which was to launch it, and on which I spent so many nights of hard toil, is no longer of any use to me. But it really is such an excellent specimen of inspired writing, and so frank and truthful, that I can not find it in my heart to deprive the public of it.

So here it is. It is a melancholy thing to say, but I do hereby renounce all rights, claims and interests therein, and bequeath it to anyone who may care to use it for his own great novel. It is elastic enough to fit them all.

"In this novel the author has endeavored to weave together two plots, combine two styles, and address himself to two distinct audiences.

"Our reading public has grown very remarkably of late years. It has become so transformed by the infusion of new blood that it is really quite a new body.

"The situation is very bewildering to the poor author. On the one hand he cannot ignore the ancient order, and on the other he cannot afford not to reckon

with the new. There is nothing for him to do but to compromise, to strike an average or to do what I have done,—to serve both gods at the same time—Apollo and Mammon.

"One story is designed to appeal to the great democratic public. That is the mob which buys books, reads them, sometimes talks about them, but never digests them or thinks about them. For this majority of my audience I have invented exciting incidents, a romantic hero, a modern young woman, a dear child which says bright and touching things, and a goodly lot of horse play. The style of these portions of my narrative is jerky and clever and very, very human. I hope that the great democracy will think well of my efforts to please them, for on their approval depends the success of my book. And I know that what I say here cannot possibly make them angry with me, because, in the first place, they never read prefaces, and they would not understand them if they did.

"The other story and the other treatment in this book represent the task that I would have performed if things were not what they are. This is the story that I should like to have written unalloyed

and undiluted. Its contents and its form aim not at success but at merit, not at money but at fame. It addresses itself to the few who think and remember and are therefore the only ones who matter to a conscientious author like myself. I am sure that everybody who reads this preface will realize that he belongs to these precious few."

Usual Personnel

WILLIS: So you served in one of the regiments in the European War! All kinds of fellows in your company, I suppose.

GILLIS: Yes. Some went to War to get material for a novel, others to get material for a book of poems, still others to get material for a series of drawings, and oh yes, I think there was one fellow who went to fight for his country.

Why She Refused It

MRS. RICHQUICKE—I refused to take that statue which the sculptor made of our daughter.

MR. RICHQUICKE—Why so?

MRS. RICHQUICKE—I told him to make it exactly like her, and I'll bet you it weighs a thousand pounds.

At the Height of His Fame

QUEERIE—"Your Senator Longwind is a very noted statesman, is he not?"

DREERIE—"One of the most noted. He can pull all the old jokes and anecdotes of the last century and get away with it."



"What's that sad thing he's playing now, Dottie?"
"Why, don't you know? That's a sympathy."

The Shaming of the Buccaneers

Sir Henry Morgan, the celebrated buccaneer, entered the smoking-room of the Hades Athletic Club, moodily dumped a hodful of brimstone on the open fire and, with a deep, piratical curse, threw himself into an electrically-heated armchair.

"Blast my peak halliards!" exclaimed Edward Teach, the notorious freebooter, who was seated on a red-hot lounge with Captain William Kidd, discussing the fine points of plank-walking, "and shiver my binnacle lights! but Sir Henry is in a pothole!"

"You can bet your last doubloon that I am!" growled Morgan fretfully, "and I'm in no mood to endure any jests from you two pikers, either!"

"Pikers!" roared Captain Kidd, starting to his feet angrily, "'pikers!' That's a fighting word, Morgan! You know that nobody ever got any mercy from me when I was in the pirating game!"

"That goes for me, too, Morgan!" bawled the ruffianly Teach with such emotion that his huge black beard, which was drawn back over his ears with ribbon according to his custom, came unfastened and bristled out like a hair mattress. "I always went the limit! I was no piker!"

"Look here, boys," said Morgan more quietly, "I didn't mean to cast any aspersions on your methods. They were all right. But all of us made a tremendous mistake in our field of activities. We shouldn't have frittered our time away on the Madagascar Coast, the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and the West Indies."

"Where else could we go for the treasure ships?" protested Kidd. "Those were the only places for the big money!"

"Big money!" snorted Morgan. "Why, lads, the three of us used to think that \$5,000 was big money when we were flying the Jolly Roger. And it was the yard-arm or a pistol-ball for all of us when the landmen finally got tired of our exploits and went after us in earnest."

"I've just discovered that we could have plundered travellers of ten, twenty, yes, and a hundred times as much money as we did, and still have been immune from any punishment whatsoever."

"Impossible!" cried Kidd and Teach together.

"No, it's true!" declared Morgan bitterly. "All that we needed to do was to get hold of a hotel in Washington and raise the rates during the Inauguration of a president. Why, Kidd, our minds are practically incapable of grasping the wholesale robbery that is practised on wooden-headed visitors by the Washington hotel-keepers during an Inaugural. They think nothing of raising rates one thousand percent. Think of that, Kidd! One thousand percent! Why, Kidd, those Washington hotel-keepers make us look like tyros in the buccaneering business!"

"And doesn't anyone ever touch 'em?"

bawled Teach incredulously, brushing his beard out of his mouth and eyes. "Doesn't the government ever send a sloop-of-war around to blow 'em out of the water, the way it treated me?"

"Touch 'em? No!" snarled Morgan. "Why, the government encourages 'em! Yes, sir! When the poor yokels from Goshen and Duxback Junction come to the Inauguration for a good time and find that their hotel bill amounts to \$3.85 more than they saved all last year, they go to their Congressmen and Senators and borrow enough to get back home!"

"What cheap skates we were!" mused Captain Kidd sadly.

"I should say so!" roared Morgan. Sinking deeper into his electrically-heated chair, he ripped out a stream of profanity that dimmed the brilliancy of the brimstone fire.

As for Kidd and Teach, their rage was such that they drew their cutlasses and hacked unsightly holes in the asbestos wall-paper of the club smoking-room.

— K. L. R.

An Astonishing Growth

The nature-faking school of newspaper correspondence is improving by leaps and bounds. Time was when the great American public viewed with skepticism tinged with displeasure the labored efforts of the country correspondent to increase his weekly honorarium by sending to the city paper a series of short but pungent narratives dealing with a snake that swallowed golf balls or a cow that ate cider-apples and yielded milk-punch. Gradually, however, as the correspondents persisted in their attempts, the public distrust became blunted.

Newspaper readers not only learned to regard with complacency the news accounts of untoward and startling actions on the part of our dumb friends, but actually viewed any ordinary manifestations of animal intelligence with contempt, as being too uninteresting to notice. Encouraged to high endeavor by this benign atmosphere, the newspaper correspondents have improved in technique and imagination with gratifying rapidity. From every section of the country come daily reports of pet hens which ride from town to town on the cow-catchers of engines, laying eggs for the engineers' dinners; of fish which return lost hooks to grateful fishermen; of dogs that tend gas ranges and remove the potatoes when they have boiled for the allotted time; of horses which climb trees and rescue chickens from hen-hawks; of woodchucks which help farmers to mow their lawns.

The old amateurish simplicity of the early nature-fakes has been replaced by a polished and artfully involved style which invests the most improbable happenings with a golden atmosphere of truth. The improvement in newspaper nature-faking isn't much of a recommendation for the mental progress of the American people; but it speaks well for the future of literature and imaginative art in the United States.

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JANE COWL
in "LILAC TIME"

By Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 13)

man and the chorus are wallowing in ragtime. It is all very easy, and even primitive.

* * *

There is nothing of this cut-and-dried order in "Oh, Boy." The music by Jerome Kern is graceful, haunting, and refined. It is drawing room music as opposed to bar room music. The book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse are cleverly unobtrusive, and the situations amusing in an artless way. It seems hard to realize that the authors have actually managed to extract genuine mirth from the vinous exaltation of an elderly Quaker "Wlady." Although I abhor the stage "jag" as a general thing—and it is a general thing—I confess that I was simply convulsed with laughter at the antics of Miss Edna May Oliver.

* * *

With no "stars" and metropolitan favorites to cater to, "Oh, Boy" was most fortunate. It contained such ingenious, and ingenuous people as Tom Powers—a musical comedy acquisition—Marie Carroll, Anna Wheaton, Frank McGinn, Jack Merritt—whose rosy hair is his fortune—Hal Forde, and Augusta Haviland.

Here's good luck to "Oh, Boy"—which have been called "Oh, Girl" quite effectively—in spite of its exclamatory title!

—

Higher Mathematics

Frank was a scholarly dorky, to say the least. He could count all the fingers on both hands and two more besides. Reading or writing were for him useless accomplishments never sought—never found. Marse Bob sent him out to count the pigs in the hog-bed down at the straw-stack. "How many were they there, Frank?" "Marse Bob, I done counted twelve." "You sure didn't count them right, there ought to be another one." "Yes—yes—yes sir, I counted—two—twelve but there was one that done run around the stack so fast I couldn't count him."

—

Cruel Father!

THE AUTHOR—"This, sir, is a true child of my brain."

THE EDITOR—"It's a good subject, but you've mistreated it as though it was a step-child."

—

A Tender Reminder

MRS. MORTON: Why are you crying so bitterly, Mrs. Miller?

MRS. MILLER: I always weep when I hear music. My late husband used to blow the whistle at the factory.

—

"What is your favorite magazine?"

"Bumster's. It has some of the best advertisements I ever read."

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More Grinagrams

"Really, New York is becoming almost quite impossible. As if the commoners in the 'busses did not do enough to interfere with traffic, along must come a lot of women and children on foot and wholly block Fifth Avenue. And just as one was anxious to get out of town for the week-end, too. Why should we pay taxes for the support of traffic police if this sort of thing is to be permitted? What? Oh, some socialistic rot about food prices, I believe."

"Can there be any greater indictment of the capacity of a Government than that when the people are dying for food we give them an investigation."

— A member of the House.

Well, what else could you give them without being "dangerously radical?" We doubt if Mark Hanna, were he alive, would approve of even an investigation.

It is to be hoped, of course, that the schools on the East Side will keep the children of the section well supplied with "home work." With their minds fully occupied, the little ones may forget their empty stomachs. Give them plenty of those examples beginning: "If beef is 12 cents a pound, and potatoes 10 cents a basket, how many, etc., etc."

"It should never be forgotten that there is one place whither the trail of politics should never lead—that is the bench."

— Mr. Charles E. Hughes.

Yet where is there an entrenched political boss who does not number among his subservient henchmen at least one bench-warmer?

Recently in a raid, the police discovered and confiscated 10,000 poker chips. There seems to be no limit to the mania for hoarding necessities of life.

When you read of newspapers "burying past difference and standing back of the President" in case of war, reflect upon the way in which some northern newspapers stood back of Abraham Lincoln. Stood back of him—and bit at his heels.

The sanitary conditions existing in the average hand laundry managed by white persons are of a very low grade, falling far below those existing in Chinese laundries.

— The Department of Health.

Well, well! It may be that cleanliness is next to Confucianism.

Somebody has presented the United States army with a kite balloon having a gas capacity of 25,000 cubic feet. Here is a glorious opportunity for the Hon. Tom Lawton to serve his country.

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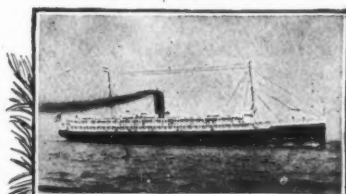
Fifth Day—Arrive at Jacksonville 7:00 A. M. Visit, at your own convenience, the ostrich farm and curio shops; or trolley rides through beautiful suburbs. For the return trip north, steamer sails from Jacksonville 2:00 P. M.

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How to Popularize the Calory

There has been much talk of late regarding the number of calories which policemen and other energetic organisms require in order to keep their hair glossy and their feet warm; but it is safe to say that out of the first thousand persons who might be questioned on the subject, not more than one or two at the most would be able to tell a calory from a caliver, even though the two are widely dissimilar.

There is, in certain quarters, a keen desire to have the people as a whole eat exactly the proper amount of calories; but unfortunately the interested parties have failed to provide the calory with the proper sort of press-agenting. They have told the people, in effect, that a large, juicy beefsteak sprinkled with mushrooms contains only $7\frac{1}{2}$ calories or thereabouts, whereas nine prunes and a half a cabbage contain in the neighborhood of $11\frac{1}{4}$ calories and should therefore be eaten in preference to the beefsteak. The people, however, are queer, as is well known. They are willing to eat calories until the cows come home; but they don't care particularly for the prunes while the steak is in sight. The steak might contain only two-thirds of a calory, and a dwarfed calory at that; while the prunes might contain from 80 to 100 obese, milk-fed calories; yet the people would continue to prefer the steak. Anyone who tried to force the prunes on them would be apt to receive them, calories and all, behind the left ear.

The proper manner in which to popularize the calory is to persuade a sausage-manufacturer to manufacture a calory sausage. Sausages can be made out of anything. A German has just perfected a vegetable sausage that tastes like the real food. It is therefore safe to say that a calory sausage would offer no difficulties to an expert sausagist.

If calory sausages were hanging in every meat market, and if calories should receive from the daily press the same amount of free

advertising that they have received in the past four months, everyone would be fairly breaking his neck to buy calories. The slogan of the nation's dinner-table would become "Have another calory!" Beefsteak lovers could have their beefsteak, with a side dish of baked calory sausage. Those who preferred prunes could eat by themselves.

The whole calory business is very simple when looked at from a commonsense viewpoint.

A Harmless Odor Eliminated

A Federal chemist announces that he has produced odorless turpentine.

Now odorless turpentine is probably very useful to some people; and there may be some social or industrial circles in which the news of the discovery of odorless turpentine will give rise to enthusiastic cheers and unbridled rejoicing. To you, though, or to me, the discovery of odorless turpentine is as devoid of thrills as the discovery of hairless Eskimo dogs would be.

In fact, the only feeling that we experience on reading of the discovery of odorless turpentine is one of loathing and disgust that the discoverer should have wasted his time on turpentine. Why wasn't he experimenting with onions? Why couldn't he have been devoting his working hours to an attempt to take the smell out of sizzling lard? Why didn't he step forward with the announcement that he had discovered how to boil cabbage without filling the house with noxious fumes, if he wanted to earn the gratitude of an oppressed world. These questions are pertinent ones, and worthy of respectful consideration.

For many years the succulent onion, one of the most tasty and heathful of foods, has been denied to people of tact and men of affairs because of the pestilent effluvia which surrounds the persons of those who eat it. Further than that, no person of culture and refinement can indulge in the raw onion without experiencing a dark yellow taste in his mouth for the ensuing twelve hours, and being filled with a sensation of unkemptness and seediness until the taste has disappeared.

Odorless turpentine may be all right in its way; but the general opinion seems to be that in selecting an odor to eliminate, the Federal chemist who picked turpentine wasn't much of a picker.

Real Expression

SLICKTON—They tell me your daughter sings with great expression.

FLICKTON: Greatest you ever saw! Why, her own mother can't recognize her face when she's singing!

Too Late

Doctor at bedside of dying patient, "Have you a last wish before you die?"

"Yes, I wish I had called in another doctor."



"Paradise Lost"



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Your skin tells the story. Skins, like houses, need "constant keeping-up" else they tattle their tales of neglect to every passerby.

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The Dentist's Bill of '97

Cleaning teeth	\$.50
Pulling teeth50
Two gold fillings	3.00
Three silver fillings	2.00
One cement filling	1.00
Gas	1.00

Total \$7.50

The Dentist's Bill of '17
(for the same work).

Cleansing, scaling and prophylaxis...	\$5.00
Roentgen examination	5.00
Oral operation	15.00
Preparation and impression for gold inlays	5.00
Fitting gold inlays	5.00
Set gold inlays	5.00
Laboratory and precious metal	10.00
Three amalgam fillings	10.00
Polishing	3.00
One synthetic porcelain filling	5.00
Analgesia	15.00
Five Novocaine injections	7.50

Total \$90.50

Help! Help!

GIGGLE: "My son says he finds his work very absorbing."

SNICKER: "That so? What's he do?"

GIGGLE: "Makes blotting paper."

Something to Chew On

John Sawyer attended the auto show in Bloomington last week, and while there purchased a large amount of supplies for his growing trade at his restaurant.

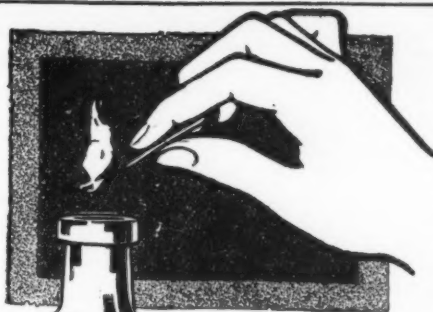
—Gibson City (Ill.) Enterprise

Uncrowned Kings

(Continued from page 9)

what it was. They might have led their country by roads of crime and folly to perdition without having to fear the destiny of despotic kings and all-powerful ministers.

It is an alarming anomaly that in the modern polity there could arise and grow a power which not only acts outside the compass of constitutional institutions, but tops and rules them, makes fun of its obsolete and inefficient legal restrictions, and is practically irresponsible. Sooner or later, in recognition of the undeniable power of the press, a legal status will be accorded it in the constitution, at the side of parliament, with positive powers, but also with precise political responsibilities. In my "Conventional Lies of our Civilization" I have ventured to foreshadow the legal evolution of press power. I do not know if the future will ratify my anticipations. But of one thing I am sure, to wit: that in our days a crushingly overwhelming power is not long allowed to act without check and responsibility.



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is when you say, "I can use benzine, naphtha or gasoline because I will be careful."

Don't do it—

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Carstairs Rye



No Heaven For Her

Good old Saint Peter, taking a stroll through the realm of Paradise, observed a middle aged woman, a very recent arrival whose expression betokened anything but happiness. Instantly he approached her to inquire the cause.

"My good woman," he began, "you don't look as though you were enjoying yourself. Your golden harp is untouched at your side. Your crown of glory is not on straight, yet seemingly you do not care. In fact, your whole appearance and demeanor suggest despair rather than rapture. Don't you know where you are, my good soul? This is Heaven."

The woman looked up at Saint Peter with a lack lustre eye.

"Alas, I know it," she said in hollow tones, "but it is not Heaven to me."

"What? Why, my dear madam, what—"

"I can't help it; it's true. When I was on earth, I got my chief enjoyment out of talking about my ailments, swapping symptoms with the woman next door. Oh, you cannot realize the happy hours I spent. And now—and now—"

"But, my dear soul," expostulated the Saint, "there are no ailments in Heaven."

The unhappy shade heaved a heartrending sigh.

"That's just the trouble. I'm perfectly well," she said; "I haven't a single topic for conversation."



Far from the Madding Crowd

(Continued from page 5)

those very things for which we condemn him. He fears nothing except Nothing. In other words, he can stand anything but boredom.

"And they all believe—all these races—that they are 'chosen.' Useful belief. Each individual believes the same thing—privately. It is all part of the mechanism of motion decreed by the Eternal Jester—if he is such.

"Each generation stands waiting the operalytic formula. The human race viewed from the Fourth Dimension is merely a case of planetary paranoia.

"There is nothing more sentimental than war. History is all sentiment. To 'create new values' a lie is necessary—a lie that shall be strong enough to found Kingdoms and Cathedrals, lazerretos, pension lists, Inquisitions and Reigns of Terror. This magical lie must be strong enough to glorify the paranoia of a Joan of Arc, the epilepsy of a Caesar, the saddism of a Robespierre, a mania of a Napoleon, the pride of a Luther, the cant of a War Lord and the prayers of a Czar.

"War! History! They are parts of the sublime 'Movie' organized on Olympus—or in Hell. I do not know which."

"'Movies' for the detection of whom?" I asked.

"For gods, artists and little children, the latter of whom shall some day look on this war as a beautiful fairy tale," he concluded.

**Major-General
Leonard Wood**
is one of the
most interesting
and important
men in America
at a time like this when
the talk is all of pre-
paredness and military
efficiency. No one knows
better where we stand or what
we need. Peter Clark Macfarlane
has an article on the ranking officer
of our army in the March 17th issue of

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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